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## \* Queen's College Journal \*

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THE Rev. Donald Ross, A.M., B.D., was capped Doctor of Divinity by the Montreal college last week. We know of no one more deserving of the honor than our genial professor of Exegesis; and if anything more than scholarship and culture were required in a doctor of divinity, we might add that Montreal will travel far before she caps a better looking man. While extending our heartiest congratulations to Doctor Ross, we beg leave to express in our mildest way the hope that he may not imagine that we are all D.D.'s also, when he sets our two papers in Greek Exegesis.

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We are pleased to hear that the senior class in Arts has decided to follow the example of Harvard and have a class secretary, an annual, triennial and quinquennial report and a class fund. This is a step in the right direction. It will bind the different classes that graduate more closely to their university; it will keep alive the friendships formed in college days; and the reports of successful men in any given class will kindle in others a

spirit of generous rivalry, which cannot but have a beneficial effect upon the class as a whole. The class gatherings also, set at Convocation Day in the different years, will keep alive the old time interest in the college. So that, in every way, the action taken by the class of '89 is praiseworthy and deserving of imitation.

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We have received from the Haliburton Society of King's College a brochure of some seventy-five pages, by F. Blake Crofton, B.A., the provincial librarian of Nova Scotia, entitled "Haliburton, the man and the writer." The pamphlet is neatly gotten up and clearly and crisply written. It is composed largely of excerpts from Haliburton's writings, but not too largely. It is, in fact, just what its author claims it to be—*a study*. We do not accept all of his conclusions. No one, however, can help admiring the painstaking and thoughtful way in which the work has been done. With what Mr. Crofton says about the shameful way in which the subject of his sketch has been neglected by Canadians we are in entire sympathy. This neglect, however, brings with it its own punishment. If Haliburton were read and known a little more and better some of our statesmen would make themselves a trifle less ridiculous in their discussion of Canadian, American and Imperial affairs. With Haliburton's idea of a state of colonial dependency we sincerely and heartily agree. Colonies are, as he said, "ponds which produce frogs"; they have "no openings for genius and ambition." It has always seemed to us a remarkable thing that the Solons at Ottawa and elsewhere who are eternally croaking about the blessedness of being a colony of the British Empire shut their eyes to the fact that there are not two literary names in the country, from Vancouver to Cape Breton, who can see this blessedness. There are not to-day two men of letters in the Dominion worth the name who think that colonialism is anything but an unmitigated nuisance.

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As Haliburton said, there are now, just as there were then, only three courses for Canada—Imperial Federation, Independence or Annexation. His faith in Independence was small—but as Mr. Crofton has noticed—we must not forget that he wrote before confederation. Had he lived to our time, he would in all probability have changed his mind in that respect. Canada with a territory stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bound together by a railway and telegraph line from Halifax to Vancouver, is quite a different thing from the Canada of

his time. If anything can be made of imperial federation, it is about time that its admirers presented the country with a scheme of federation that at least pretended to be practical. For our own part, we do not think this impossible. It is possible. But that those who now have the scheme in charge will formulate such a scheme we think exceedingly improbable. Almost every federation speech that we have read deals with the glories of England and the beauties of loyalty. All this is pretty, very pretty—from the English stand-point. And if there were only the English standpoint to be considered, it would be enough.

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Fortunately, however, or unfortunately—as one chooses to look at it—there is another side from which the promoters of this scheme will have to look at this question—and that is, the Canadian. The glories of England are all very well; as the product of the work of our ancestors we take pride in them. But what we look at is not the past glories of England so much as the present and future glory of Canada. Loyalty is a beautiful theme—for the tenth class politician or the first class poet. But loyalty in this country and for us means *devotion to Canada*. This trifling fact is conveniently overlooked by many of our imperial federation friends. They style themselves patriots, and they fill our ears with a tale of our obligations to England. This would have done very well—excellently well—a couple of hundred years ago. But the French revolution and American revolution have happened since then. And men in our day recognize the fact that loyalty and patriotism are words bounded by the limits of the country in which they dwell.

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No man has a right to the title of patriot in this country who places the interests of any other country whatsoever before the interests of Canada. And this is what many of the imperial federationists are doing. The air is full of England—but it is only a chance time that we hear anything of Canada—and when we do it is usually a description of the debt she owes the mother country. As a matter of fact what she owes England is very much less than what England owes her. If any man hopes to see imperial federation *au fait accompli*, he will have to learn to base his hope, so far as Canada is concerned, on the benefits which such a step will confer upon us. We do not deny the existence of such possible benefits—we want to hear of them—that is all.

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This is, however, a digression from the pamphlet of which we spoke—and yet it is no digression. The name of Haliburton, to those who know him, is—like the name of Joseph Howe to all who know him—a synonym for patriotism—it is intimately and lastingly connected with the bone and sinew of our national life. All that concerns the nation concerns this name—conversely, all that concerns the name concerns our country. For this reason, we hope that Mr. Crofton's work will be largely and

widely read. It deserves to be. And, if the Haliburton will allow us to make a suggestion, we would advise that a fitting subject for the second number of their series would be "Joseph Howe, his life and speeches." We hope that every student of Queen's and every graduate whom the JOURNAL reaches will enclose half a dollar to King's college, Windsor, Nova Scotia, and procure "Haliburton, the man and the writer," by F. Blake Crofton.

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Everyone, we fancy, will sympathize with the Senate in its splendid attempt to raise the standard of work done in the different classes by its new curriculum. The enlargement of Junior Mathematics, Philosophy, etc., into two compulsory classes, the junior and the senior, cannot be regarded as anything but decided advance in the line of educational reform. It will undoubtedly result in better and clever work in both classes. It is beyond contradiction that a single year in Philosophy is insufficient at once for the student and for the professor. The work has been divided hitherto into two great parts, the one treating of the history of Philosophy and the other dealing with its general principles. The kind of work required in the two departments is essentially different, the first part being mastered largely by a good use of the memory and the latter demanding original thought. The time hitherto given the student to get into trim for the second and more difficult half of the work, viz.: Three or four months, is far too little. The change from memorizing to reflection was too pronounced and as a result the benefit to the student was reduced nearly to a minimum. He was graduated from the class just as his eyes were beginning to be opened to the character of the work he had on hand.

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By the new curriculum all this is changed. For the whole of the first year he will deal with the history of Philosophy, with a few side lights thrown in by the professor in the way of original work. These will be, as we have said, few; but they will have enough of suggestiveness about them to give him a fair conception of the work which he will enter in the next session. He will then have the six months vacation in which to develop into the work of the second year. So that, when he begins the senior class, he will do so with his eyes wide open and prepared to make a fit and proper use of the lectures which he will then receive. That this will at the same time make the work much lighter for the lecturer, and prove of very considerable service to the student is, we think, beyond question.

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The same thing holds good and in much the same way with the course in Mathematics. But while this will improve the character of the work done in these two departments, it will at the same time make it very much easier for those who desire to pursue a course foreign to them. For example, to those who take honors in litera-

ture, the first year in Mathematics will be Compulsory, and it alone. That this is much easier than the work at present crowded into the junior class is to be assumed.

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There is, however, one difficulty which may possibly arise in this connection. The arrangement for the examinations at present is, we believe, that a pass in the morning paper entitles the student to consider himself passed in the junior class; a pass in the afternoon paper entitles him to exemption from the senior class of next year. All this is very nice. But, what if the student is plucked in the afternoon paper and yet has made enough marks in the two taken together to give him a complete pass on the subject according to the old regulations? Some of the students appear to fear that in this case they will be compelled to take the senior class next year. With all due regard to the ultimate advantage to the boy in that department by the work of another year, the thing is unfair. It is an *ex post facto* law and it certainly should not obtain at this examination.

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The annual conversazione is just at hand, and the instant examinations are over, we hope that every man in the University will turn out and help to make it the best that the University has yet had. Men are wanted on almost every committee, more especially on the committees on decoration, finance and refreshment. We hope also, seeing that the convocation is only three days after the last examination, that every student will remain this year and grace with his presence the greatest day in our college year. Let every man who comes through the present crisis with all of his feathers, be, from the 20th to the 24th inclusive, as a thank offering to the Fates, *plenus laborum* in all that concerns the convocation or the conversat.

## ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS.

### THE NEW CALENDAR.

**W**E are glad to see the new Calendar for the year 1889-90, Part I., because it is somewhat later than usual in making an appearance this year. This gladness, on the part of the students, was evidenced by the fact that a great crowd pressed into the library after the boy who brought up the package from the bindery and eagerly awaited the distribution. But alas! they were disappointed. Under the softening-severe tones of our worthy Principal, who said, "Students who have classes at this hour will be kind enough to retire to them," this gaudy throng dispersed. Since then, however, the Calendars have been distributed, and we will now take a look at one.

The first thing noticeable is the additional names that have been made to the instruction officers' list, those, namely, of the two new professors, one lecturer and several tutors. We have no doubt that this will add

greatly to the general efficiency of that body. But besides this, we hope that Part II. of this year's Calendar will record additional names still, in the lines of philosophy, etc.

We are pleased to notice the changes made in regard to degrees. Hitherto a man has not been able to get M.A. degree until one year after date of graduation as B.A. with honors, and without submitting a thesis satisfactory to the senate in his honor department. But according to the new plan M.A. will be conferred on a man who takes honors in one department, without thesis, and without having graduated as B.A. We do not mean to say, however, that the degree will be any more easily obtained on the whole than formerly. And B.A. degree will be conferred on one who takes either the pass course work, or the pass work prescribed and first year honors in certain subjects.

First year work, in all classes except those of the languages, which remain as they were, is now divided into junior and senior and extends over two years. And the work of the old senior class is now made over to first year honor.

This change we note with much approval, as we are sure the present arrangement will be a great benefit to the student. It will give him time to think over and digest the work, which hitherto he had to cram up lest he should get left on the spring examination. In this connection, it might be observed that, in the pass course, junior and senior classes in philosophy, mathematics and physics are compulsory, while junior and senior philosophy are required in every honor course as well, with the exception of two optional courses in mathematics and physics, in which case only the junior is required.

This will, no doubt, be of inestimable value to the student. We hope that, under such a training, there will be sent out from our halls, a large number of thinking men; for that is what is required more than anything else in the world of to-day.

Leading to the degree of M.A. there are thirteen optional honor courses. This course is recommended to students intending to qualify for high school teachers. We, however, take pleasure in commending it to all, for undoubtedly it is a superior course.

Great chances also are afforded teachers and extra-mural students. Certificates, in accordance with certain regulations, will be accepted *pro tanto*. Further a student may complete his college course in three years, provided he has passed three of the following junior classes in Latin, Greek (or its equivalent in French and German) mathematics and English, before attending college. The work for extra-mural students is, in all cases, definitely prescribed, and by complying with the necessary regulations, they will be admitted to the pass and honor examinations without attendance upon classes.

Again the summer session classes, and the proposed classes, where at least ten candidates present themselves, or where a satisfactory sum is guaranteed, afford students

grand opportunities in their desired lines of work. Now, by all these considerations and more, the efficiency of the university will be considerably increased, and the interests of higher education in the country advanced.

Then in regard to higher degrees, we notice a great change. Instead of conferring the degree of doctor of science (D.Sc.) on a candidate who obtained first-class honours in any two departments of literature, philosophy, mathematics and science, two years after date of graduation as M.A., and on delivery of three satisfactory lectures, the authorities have decided to confine that degree to the two last named departments, viz., mathematics and science. And they have instituted the degree of doctor of philosophy (Ph. D.) in the two first named departments, viz., literature and philosophy. These degrees will be conferred on candidates who have pursued courses in the respective departments, four years after date of graduation as M.A. and on submitting of a thesis embodying the results of original investigation.

We might say that, to one looking at these courses as laid down, they appear easy and attractive. However easy they may be when we come to pursue the work remains to be seen; but we hope that the attraction will be very effective, and that many men will be induced to follow them up, not only for their own good but for the higher interests of the community. Surely no one can deny that this is a step in the direction of the promotion of the higher education and consequently the higher interests of this country. It would be gratifying indeed to see the Provincial and other universities do all in their power to encourage this higher, post-graduate work, and thus make our Canada a nation of strong men. They will certainly not oppose such steps.

We are aware, of course, that before now the Provincial university especially has at first, openly rejected and disparaged new measures proposed by Queen's, but in time, when the wisdom and truth of such measures began to be realised, they were received and gradually worked into the fibres of that university's system. Little disengagement should appear against such a high end as is presented in this new scheme. We cannot but commend the wisdom displayed by the authors in the planning of such a curriculum.

We sincerely hope that, under its direction, there may be annually turned out large numbers of strong men, such as shall shed lustre on the name of Queen's and honor on our noble country.



#### CONVOCATION.

A few years ago an attempt was made by the University authorities to regulate the attendance at convocation and so prevent the uncomfortable jam which had hitherto greatly interfered with the success and enjoyment of the exercises. With this end in view tickets were systematically distributed, the holders of which were allowed to enter the hall before the general public,

and thus, it was expected, much confusion and crowding would be avoided.

This arrangement, in our opinion, has been only half successful, for the simple reason that the doors were not opened early enough. As a matter of fact, instead of the result aimed at, convocation hall has been filled almost at one rush, and a most undignified rush at that, because the audience had accumulated outside the closed doors on the green, and when access was obtained there followed a general *sauve qui peut*.

Now since the remedy for such an apparent evil is so simple, we confidently expect that matters will be so arranged this year that ticket holders will be admitted into the hall as soon as they may arrive, and thus reap the benefit of the old rule, "first come, first served."



#### THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

In our recent issues we were somewhat inclined to find fault with the Minister of Education for the stand which he has taken on educational matters in the past, but, on considering the subject more carefully, we have almost come to the conclusion that we owe him an apology. We must frankly confess that we expected too much of him, that we forgot to make our criticism relative to the intellectual dimensions of the man whom we were criticising. As a matter of fact, the Minister of Education is not a highly cultured man, a man of broad comprehensive ideas. He is simply an ordinary school teacher mysteriously elevated to the position which he now holds. Those who have been censuring him, in the press, during the last number of weeks, have lost sight of this fact. They have been demanding too much of him. They expected that he should be able to see eye to eye with the most advanced thinkers of the day. This is unreasonable. It is like scolding a boy because he is not a man. We believe in giving the Minister of Education fair play, and in order to do so we must judge his actions with reference to his own ideal, and not with reference to an ideal that is infinitely beyond his mental grasp, and, when he errs, we must extend to him that sympathy which is due to a man who errs through ignorance. We have no doubt he is trying to do his best to advance the educational interests of the province. Still, we must say that he has accomplished very little. It is said, on good authority, and we do not doubt it for a moment, that he was a very successful public school teacher. Well, we can only reply that it was a great pity to spoil a good teacher by making him Minister of Education, and we would strongly advise him to give up his present position and return to the humbler occupation of his youth. When he was appointed Minister of Education there was a craze among people to fill important positions with what they called "Self made men." These extraordinary creatures we understand to be men who are capable of development under the most adverse circumstances, men who would attain to intellectual greatness even suppose they were

bottled up in air tight jars. The idea that these so-called "self-made men" are intrinsically superior to men who have been educated at universities, arises from a false conception of what education really is. It arises from supposing that education consists in having a knowledge of a great many particular facts, and that the man who acquires a knowledge of these facts by himself is naturally superior to the man who gets his training at a university. Our experience with "self-made men" is, that they are, unexceptionally, men who are not made very far. They are men who have never really wakened up to a consciousness of their own limitations. The very fact that men of this character are at the head of our educational system, shows that we as a people, have not yet reached a very high stage of intellectual development. Our educational affairs will never thrive, as they should, until they are managed, not by politicians, but by men of practical knowledge and experience.

#### ELEMENTARY SYNTHETIC GEOMETRY.

A difficult subject treated in a new and interesting manner, by N. F. Dupuis, M. A., F. R. S. C., professor of Pure Mathematics in the University of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada. London, MacMillan & Co.; Kingston, John Henderson & Co.

THIS is not an edition of "Euclid's Elements." It is a work on Geometry. In a neat little book of 290 pages the author has thoroughly developed the substance of Euclid's Elements, books i-vi, with many important extensions, generalizations and applications of the principles enunciated by Euclid. In addition he has treated synthetically many geometric propositions usually treated by modern methods of analysis.

The book is divided into five parts. Parts i-iii treat of the substance of Euclid's Elements books i-vi, while parts iv-v are devoted to Modern Synthetic Geometry. The method of treatment, especially in the earlier parts of the work, is unique. Starting with a point and combining with it the idea of motion the author obtains the conception of a line as a locus and a straight line as direction. Adding to the line the idea of rotation, the conception of an angle is developed. Assuming space to be homogeneous, all general spacial relations are continuous. Applying the principle of continuity, many of Euclid's general propositions are found to be but particular cases of a much more general proposition. In many cases, also, the order of development is reversed. In all cases the author has sought the most general form of the truth enunciated, and has, where possible, grouped subordinate propositions as deductions under these most general forms. A valuable feature of the book is the Geometric interpretation of Algebraic forms, which affords an easy introduction to Cartesian Geometry and invests both Algebra and Geometry with new interest for beginners. The principles of *limits*, of *symmetry* and of *continuity*, judiciously applied in the first three parts of

the book, are freely used in the two later parts devoted to Modern Synthetic Geometry, and, thus, many propositions are freed from the limitations of a less scientific treatment.

The general make up of the book is good. The type, though small, is clear. The *diagrams* are elegant and the lettering distinct. The subject is treated in sections and paragraphs neatly spaced and numbered for convenient reference, while all references are duly noted. The free use of symbols has enabled the author to comprise a vast amount of matter in a small compass, which must prove of great service to students in an age when so much depends on economizing time and energy.

Written by a mathematician for mathematicians, by a practical teacher of wide and varied experience for the benefit of students, we feel assured this book needs but to be read to be appreciated. Geometry, we think, has long since out-grown its Euclidean garb. Why should it be any longer trammelled by the antiquated logic of its first master? We think Professor Dupuis has by his practical yet elegantly scientific treatment of this subject, made a valuable contribution to the literature of Mathematics and rendered students and teachers of Canada, especially, a service they will not be slow to appreciate.

#### LITERATURE.

##### THE RED CROSS FLAG.

(John Napier, in The Moravian.)

"When the smoke of the cannon cleared away, we saw the Red Cross flying over the hospital."

THE shot sped out from our serv'd ships,  
Like the sob of a strong man crying;  
The sun was veiled as with sudden eclipse,  
When the shot sped out from our serv'd ships,  
And England's flag was flying.

Up from the shore the answer came,  
The cry of the wounded and dying;  
A burst of thunder, a flash of flame—  
Up from the shore the answer came,  
Where the Prophet's flag was flying.

So we dealt destruction the livelong day,  
In war's wild pastime crying;  
Through the smoke and thunder and dashing spray,  
We dealt destruction the livelong day,  
And the hostile flags were flying.

But far through the rolling battle-smoke—  
Ah God! 'mid the groans and the crying—  
A sudden gleam on our vision broke;  
Afar through the rolling battle-smoke  
The Red Cross flag was flying.

O'er the house of mercy with plain, white walls,  
Where they carried the wounded and dying,  
Unharmed by our cannon, unfearing our balls ;  
O'er that house of mercy with plain, white walls,  
The Red Cross flag was flying.

As the sign of the Son of Man in the heaven  
For a world of warring and sighing  
We hailed it ; and cheered, for the promise given  
By the sign of the Son of Man in the heaven,—  
The Red Cross banner flying.

For we knew that wherever the battle was waged,  
With its wounded and dead and dying,—  
Where the wrath of pagan or Christian raged,—  
Like the mercy of God, where the battle was waged,  
The Red Cross flag was flying.

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Let the angry legions meet in the fight,  
With the noise of captains crying ;  
Yet the arm of Christ, outstretched in its might,  
Where the angry legions meet in the fight,  
Keeps the Red Cross banner flying.

And it surely will come that war will cease,  
With its madness and pain and crying,  
Lo ! the blood-red Cross is the prophet of peace,—  
Of the blessed time when war will cease ; —  
And the Red Cross flag is flying.

#### ON A RAFT.

*(Continued from page 101.)*

WE were precious glad to see, in the distance, the reflection of the sun on the metal roof of the convent at Nun's Island. This is a celebrated place—celebrated for the fishing in its vicinity and for the enterprise of the nuns in turning it to such account. The appearance of the island is singular. Perpendicular sides of dazzlingly white clay some hundred and fifty feet in height and the summit a broad plateau on which is built the convent, etc. It would be a splendid place for a fortress one would think. We now bestirred ourselves, for the rapids were only a couple of miles further down and everything betokened the approaching tussle. A squad of men were hauling the big yawl boat upon our dram. They don't try to run Lachine in it. The barrels of pork and biscuit were rolled to a safe place and good sound oars were placed in the notches. But our crew had not yet made its appearance. The steamer had just finished a masterly performance on the whistles when out from the mainland darted canoes in every direction. These contained Indians who were to conduct us down the Lachine. Each canoe was manned (*sic!*) by a squaw and her better-half, the squaw to paddle the canoe back. I was watching the business like manner in which the guides were divesting themselves of their good clothes (*ye Gods!*) and climbing into greasy overalls, when I felt a tap on the shoulder and a "voila !" from one of the men.

I looked np. It was the big war canoe (a good deal of "canoe" and very little "war") that was coming towards us. Although, on a close inspection, this majestic looking craft might seem somewhat in need of a coat of paint and the general aspect thereof convey the erroneous impression that it had been built by Frontenac, and, on the death of that chief, had gone into service as a coal barge and continued in that capacity ever since without any repairs or cleansing whatsoever, there is no getting over the fact that, at a distance of half a mile or so, with its swarthy crew of real, genuine, blown-in-the-bottle savages, it was a sight that was imposing if not sublime. The paddles, of which there were twenty to a side, entered the water as one, and the big dug out fairly leaped under the force of the stroke. It drew up alongside and discharged its murderous looking cargo and was taken back by a couple of old men. As I glanced at our reinforcements I thought I had never seen such forbidding countenances. Moses warned us to lock up all our knick-nacks and nail fast the shanty door. I need say nothing more about the Caughnawangus-jan satis. We were nearly a couple of miles above the rapids, yet the "John A." east us off and with a metaphoric wave of the hand was quickly out of sight. We found the current much stronger than we had anticipated and our dram, again in the van, glided along at the rate of four or five miles an hour. Ahead of us towered the new bridge of the Canadian Pacific railway—a monument of engineering skill. It is wonderful how they managed to build those massive cut stone buttresses in such a fearful current. We shot under the spans at a hang-on-to-your-hat speed, just grazing one of the piers by about two feet. If we had struck it there would have been "a funeral in the state of Denmark." Moses kept up a joyful serenade in our ears "bien proche, bien proche, shlementens, you see zo terrible Lachine scon. Fourteen men drown las' year, fort dangereux." About a quarter of a mile in front of us lay the rapids but, as yet, we could see no sign of them even from the top of our cabin, whither S—— and I had retreated. This was odd; the river was broad here and there were no islands to intercept our view. What did it mean? Had some convulsion of nature removed them? Our doubts were quickly dispelled. It was another of those terrible slips, but the one at Coteau was an infant compared to this monster. The drop here was like the side of a house and everywhere, in front of us on both sides of us and behind us were huge jutting rocks that poked their black noses out of the torrent with a suggestive sort of air. Suggestive of smashed drams and mangled corpses. How we were going to escape destruction was a mystery. I commended my soul to the saints above and calmly awaited what seemed to me my certain fate. At Coteau I was desperate and had resolved to sell my life dearly. Here I was quite resigned. There is no fooling with Lachine. I could see that. On all sides my eyes met the forms of men on their knees praying like steam. It was a cheering sight, I don't think,

and I turned away. One second more to live I thought and after taking a hurried glance at the green meadows and blue sky, I jammed my hat down well stuck a testament in my breast pocket in case my body was found, shut my eyes and insanely shouted "let her go, Gallagher," which extracted a feeble cheer from S—— who was hanging on like grim death to the flag staff. It bwoke with his weight at a ticklish moment and he would have assuredly perished had not the watchful Moses grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and laid him in a place of safety. Luckily Lachine is a very short rapid—little, but oh my! On opening my eyes the extreme grandeur of the scene overcame me. It was a retrospective view and perhaps on that account I enjoyed it the more. All had gone smoothly with us. The gable of the shanty was evidently the spot *par excellence* on which to shoot a rapid. I was not even wet. An oak dram was at that minute balanced on the edge of the dip; it hesitated an instant, as if to draw a deep breath, and then plunged with its living freight into the towering maelstrom that yawned below. I counted twenty before I saw that dram again and was about to start a subscription for the widows and orphans when it burst through a wall of green water and followed us down.

"And we have passed the terrible Lachine,  
"Have felt a fearful tremor thro' the soul,  
"As the huge waves upheaved their crests of green;  
"Holding our feathered bark in their control,  
"As a strong eagle holds an oriole."

Strange to say, at the foot of the rapids, there is a calm little lagoon, formed by a layer of rock, in the shape of a half moon. In here there were numerous canoes and dorys waiting for "salvage." We held on our course, however, and soon came in sight of the mighty Victoria bridge and the city of Montreal.

No stoppage is made here by the rafts. They wait till they reach Hochelaga, about four miles below the city, and there tie up while the steamer takes on wood and supplies and the men throw ashore the heavy bundles of oars. There is a regular oar-yard established at this place. Each raft unloads on the way down and the tug on the return journey picks up a supply and carries them back. Soon after we had accomplished thefeat of running Lachine and were lazily drifting along on the broad river, highly satisfied with the result of the manœuvre, our dram ran hard and fast on a shoal. This was provoking. Not that we minded the bare fact of running aground. There was no fear of springing a leak to disturb us or harassing doubts as to whether the stoker had left the doors of the air-tight compartments swinging loose or the dread of having any red paint or varnish scraped off the hull. No, it was the humiliating ordeal of seeing the other drams slipping past us and perhaps having to submit to a few derisive cheers. If the late Mr. Fahrenheit had been asked to indicate the warmth of Arine's feelings at this juncture he would have given 212° as the figure. Hat after hat went to the happy hunting grounds,

under the influence of the old man's heels, and it was only from sheer exhaustion that he ceased the flow of his oratory. S—— and I concluded that to remain any longer on the dram would be to utterly destroy our moral tone, so we decked ourselves out in war paint and feathers and determined to face the music of St. James street and the Windsor Hotel. We felt we were martyrs, *mais que roulez vous?* As we shoved off from the dram, Moses told us that the tow would leave Hochelaga that night somewhere about 11 o'clock. Our jaws dropped. How were we going to make connections at that time of night? We had almost given up the expedition, when visions of a dinner at that splendid hostelry and an evening on shore came floating up before us. We bade Moses farewell. July is not a particularly delightful time of the year to pay a visit to Montreal. The heat is usually terrific and in our case no exception was made. Rowing down the current with the wind at one's back and a scorching sun overhead is anything but pleasant. When, in addition to this, there is nothing to meet the eye but tall chimneys and dusty roads, with perhaps a railway train or two moving sluggishly along, it becomes absolutely unbearable. As soon as possible we sought the cool corridors of the hotel and drowned our woes in copious libations of etc., etc., etc.

*(To be continued.)*

## \*COLLEGE NEWS.\*

### OUR SENIORS.

BEFORE the curtain falls on the class of '80 we would like to line them up and give our readers the opportunity of seeing what kind of men we manufacture here. If they are not exactly perfect they are at least infinitely better than they were before Queen's got hold of them, although a good number of them were never intended to be angels. Strange to say there are no sweet girl graduates this year, so that the chancellor need have no fear of disarranging bangs and back hair when he taps the heads of the suppliants before him at convocation.

JAMES BENNIE is one of the heavy men of the class. He is slightly addicted to football, the gymnasium and singing bass, but also does some philosophical work for recreation. He will enter Divinity Hall next year.

WILLIAM BROKESHIRE is more commonly known as "Hallelujah Billy." His face by actual measurement is half as broad again as it is long and wears at all times a drop-a-nickle-into-my-mouth-and-see-me-smile expression. We understand that he is going to spend the rest of his natural life visiting his friends, the heathen.

FRED BROWN.—Well, that's about as far as we can get. He is so quiet that we do not know much about him except that he looms up about the college occasionally looking for something. We hear that he is not a bad fellow when one knows him, but we don't.

JOHN BOYD is noted for his hair, his horror of novels and his ardent affection for the fair sex. He holds that Adam was a Gael and lived near Glasgow, but does not know "chust" where the apple incident occurred. He is an enthusiastic supporter of the concursats, but prefers feminine victims and on that account did a lot of private courting on his own hook at the skating rink. He intends to take a course in theology, so we will have the pleasure of his company a few years longer at Queen's.

S. S. BURNS served a penal term in the Alma Mater Society as secretary last year. This session he was unable to attend class but will be on hand for the exams. As his name signifies he makes a warm friend despite the way he brushes his hair.

CLEMENT B. BURNS, familiarly called no doubt "My Darling Clementine," by some lady or other, has only spent two years of his course at Queen's, having been at Dalhousie for his freshman and sophomore years. We are astonished that the latter university has survived his absence, but perhaps he has left his photograph in the museum there. His favorite friends are a pair of gloves and a cane and he may often be seen promenading King street in their company. He appears to enjoy life, but we do not think he will ever get excited about it.

JOHN M. CAMELON is regarded by his professors as a regular prodigy and will no doubt some day electrify the whole civilized world by doing something or other. We have an idea that he intends taking a nine years course.

STANLEY T. CHOWNS has spent this session mixing senior philosophy and physics together in equal proportions. Differing from Plato and Aristotle he has at last come to the conclusion that the *summa bonum* is to pass the exams at the rate of several hundred tachs and to fall upon his degree at the angle of repose. His exploits on the football field, at the dinner table, in the Y. M. C. A., and even in the pulpit prove him to have no mean ability, notwithstanding the fact that he doesn't wear a moustache. His address will soon be Yabaticatetheronoyunyun, Japan, where he will instruct the natives in the arts of dress-making and music.

GEORGE T. COPELAND has pursued the even tenor of his way through college without giving the authorities much trouble. Besides being a footballer he is secretary of the class and has performed the arduous duties of this office, such as putting up notices, etc., very satisfactorily indeed.

WILL CURLE—gentleman—is as sweet as he looks. He is mathematically inclined and it is supremely refreshing to hear him discourse on the mysteries of Mercator's Projection and the sectorial area of the hyperbola. When we first knew him he despised "woman," but latterly he has been developing his affection for the fair sex as an infinite periodic continued fraction, though up to date we have been unable to exactly locate him. He will probably spend the remaining portion of his declining years in the North-West.

DAN DRUMMOND is chairman of the year, having filled that honorable position throughout the session. He is a hard working and successful student, giving his attention particularly to Classics, but finds time to show his interest in his fellows and he is highly esteemed by them all. He is rather quiet, but not oppressively so and when occasion demands it proves himself to be "as jolly as they make 'em."

GEORGE DYDE has already been introduced to readers of the JOURNAL. We are not quite sure what he intends to do with himself after lassoing his degree, but we have an idea that he is going to run a Greek machine in some school. For further information we would refer the reader to page 55 of the present volume.

ED. B. ECHLIN has a tenor voice, a taste for athletics, a symmetrical moustache, a great wish to demolish a certain obstructionist in the A. M. S., and a desire to become an M. D. He stands, approximately, eight feet four without his boots on and his handlady, we are told, has threatened several times to charge him double fare owing to his capacity. As he has already entered the Royal we will, no doubt, hear from him again during his course there.

J. P. FALCONER is the quietest man in College. We haven't heard him speak more than seven times since he came here four years ago. Among his settled habits are a nap after dinner and a walk after tea, rain or shine.

J. M. FARRELL is quarter-back on the football team. His distinguishing characteristic, next to his moustache, is his bashfulness when no ladies are around. His studies this year were largely confined to the Etruscans, crabs, lady students, crusades, the gymnasium and limestone. Jim will never succeed in being a duke for he has too much common sense, but he would like to be one awfully. We are sorry to have him leave Queen's, but we wish him success in the legal profession which he has chosen.

HARRY FAIRKELL runs the finance department of this influential and wealthy periodical and on this account has a number of very attentive friends. He is a humble follower of Euclid, Archimedes and Dupuis, and also spends some of his time in the observatory looking for stray stars, when he isn't engaged in writing conciliatory letters to wrathy subscribers. Strange to say he has some popularity even within the charmed circle of the Levana Society, which, we are told, is very sparing of its patronage and favor. He intends to become some day or other a full fledged M. D., after which he may hang out his shingle on the Pacific Coast.

ALFRED FITZPATRICK holds the reins of government in the Y. M. C. A. and announces that if anyone says he is long-faced, he would respectfully ask them to come outside for a few minutes. We don't intend giving a detailed list of his faults for there are only sixteen pages in this number, but we must say that in one respect he greatly disappoints and grieves us—he doesn't know how to flirt. He is a heavy fore-ordinationist, we understand, and

hopes sincerely that he is one of the elected on Convocation Day.

A. G. HAY is the philosopher of his class. He can explain the howness of the why with his eyes shut and can just pulverize Kant. Toronto University, we understand, are making strenuous efforts to secure him for the vacant chair in Metaphysics, but he asserts that he is coming back for a post mortem course next year. While in Kingston he has resided in a good neighborhood and has a great affection for — the Limestone City.

FRANK KING spends the greater part of his time wrestling with comic sections and other interesting plants, but always finds time for an afternoon walk, in which he indulges with such a get-them earnestness that when we meet him it makes us feel tired for some hours afterwards. He intends to study law after graduating.

J. H. MADDEN—will somebody please play the dead march?—has decided to become a judge and with that end in view has already entered a law office. The general opinion regarding him is very favorable and we must say that his actions prove that sometimes appearances are deceptive. For we can assert that he is not preternaturally grave and has been known to smile several times lately. We wish him success.

PERRY MAHOON is little, but, oh my! He spent his time very quietly and studiously and is a general favorite among his fellow students. We understand that he aims at being a schoolmaster, and if he does so he will no doubt succeed. We cordially wish him all prosperity.

T. G. MARQUIS, like Browning's "Grammarians," lives on blissfully regardless of the flight of time. He owns a tamoshanter and a poetic soul, the latter being his most prominent characteristic. He does not, however, wear long hair and a far away look in his eye, but on the contrary is a sturdy foot-baller and has often helped on our team to victory. May his shadow never grow less.

J. H. MILLS slaves away like a Turk at classics, and sticks to his books like fresh paint on a new suit of clothes. Like many others, however, he takes a constitutional stroll in the afternoon, after which he boxes with Drummond in the gym, and invariably gets licked out of sight.

R. S. MINNES is also up to his eyes in study, grinding away like a musical tramp at mathematics and we have hardly had a chance to speak to him since last Christmas. He is deservedly a great favorite with the ladies and is also highly esteemed by his fellow students. After graduating he will take a course in the Royal.

J. W. MUIRHEAD thinks that phænix does not constitute an essential element of true happiness, in fact he doesn't know that science does either. He is a *very* quiet boy when he is asleep, and is never known to laugh louder than a fog horn. As he is a member of the glee club it is unnecessary to say that he can't sing a little bit contrary, however, to his firm belief. He is known among the students as the champion collector, and the number

of ten cent pieces he has extorted from innocent victims is tremendous. He has an indefinite idea that he will be a missionary some day if he can find any place worse than he is, but wherever he is we feel sure that he will never disgrace his Alma Mater.

FRED McCAMMON used to be called "shorty," but is now one of the heavy men of the foot-ball team. He knows a thing or two about the Tiber river and the North-West and his present ambition is to become an M.D.

D. D. MACDONALD is the Samson of his class. In fact he might be called a Turk for he is a regular *Masculin* man. It has been said that he uses a telegraph pole for a cane, but we can confidently state that this is not the case, a cordwood stick being his favorite companion. He can speak Gaelic as fluently as molasses, and his songs in the same language fairly fascinate his looking glass. If his power in the pulpit is as great as it is in the gymnasium the church will be happy who secures him.

D. G. McPHAIL holds the honorable and onerous position of Vice-President of the Alma Mater, the duties of which he performs to the satisfaction of everybody but himself. This session he has had an easy time on account of having gone in for hard work during the previous years of his course. He has already begun his theological studies.

NORMAN MCPHERSON owns a rheumatic fiddle on which he scrapes away from morn till eve. His favorite songs are "Annie Laurie" and "Home, Sweet Home," which, as he plays, draw the tears to the eyes of his hearers, like onions. Throughout his course he has behaved well and will no doubt continue to do so.

RANIERE M. PHALEN is the valedictorian of the class. When he first arrived here four years ago "a stranger in a strange land" he was immediately received by his admiring fellow students as a modern Demosthenes, and since then he has ably sustained that reputation. It is said that he can talk around a subject for an hour and a half without stopping for breath or once hitting the point. He has a tenor voice and curly hair, but with all his failin's we are glad that he purposed to continue a few years longer at Queen's taking a course in theology.

CHARLIE O'CONNOR has been already portrayed in these columns at greater length and more graphically than we can do it now, so we will refer the enquiring reader to page 67.

J. A. REDDON wears a long black coat, a melancholy expression, and a sepulchral voice. His chief aim in life is to acquire an inexhaustible store of knowledge and an unlimited vocabulary with which to express it. He has never been known to listen to a sermon without making frequent use of his note book, and some ill-natured people assert that he even writes down the prayers. He is philosophically inclined and his search after the infinite is very energetic. He is, we understand, a very good preacher, though at times rather deep.

**JOHN SHARPE** is the patriarch of his class. He entered with the '88 fellows, but was compelled by circumstances to give up attendance on classes for one year, so that he was unable to graduate last session. His future field of work will be the church.

**JOSIAH S. SHRIKE** is always just two minutes late, and when he does arrive his head is several yards in advance of the rest of his corpus. He belongs to a canoe which accompanies him in all his perambulations and exercises a fraternal care over him at all times. He also possesses a tenor voice and a smile, both of which are of tremendous calibre and very dangerous at short range.

**J. SINCLAIR** isn't "Prowler," notwithstanding rumors to that effect. His greatest ambition is to be eaten by cannibals, and accordingly he has decided to go out as missionary to Texas or some other heathen country. If he does go he will probably not be alone, and the savages will get two sweet morsels. Yum! Yum!! The only things we know against him are that he boards on College street and doesn't attend Alma Mater.

**E. H. RUSSELL** might be introduced as the Campanini of his class. He can take X sharp with ease and the soft sweetness of his voice beats guin-drops. There is no musical instrument from the Jew's harp to the pipe organ that he cannot play, except perhaps the sewing machine. As a rule he carries a bowitching coquettish smile about with him to throw at any ladies he may chance to meet but the results are not often very harrowing for he is a bad shot. We hear that the Levante Society are about to elect him an honorary member. It is said that he will, after graduating, devote his time to running a Ladies' College and if he does so his success is assured.

**DANIEL STRACHAN** is as long as the moral law and as slim as the chances of our having new window curtains before next session. He owns a voice that would make a kazoo green with envy, and realizing this fact, the Glee Club has made good use of him as conductor. His good nature and genial disposition have gained him many friends and certainly during his stay at Queen's he has done what he could to make up for the apathy displayed by many, for the welfare of the student element in the university. After graduating he will devote his attention to Theology.

Queer gang, aren't they? But after all we are sorry they are going to leave us and wish them all success in their exams. We should say, however, that all these gentlemen do not intend graduating this year; some will postpone their departure for various reasons to a later date, although the mass of them will don their hoods as soon as they can lay their hands upon them, and, if we are any judge, few will be disappointed.

#### RESULTS OF ROYAL EXAMS.

HONORS—FINAL YEAR.

Gold medalist—F. B. Harkness, Kingston.  
Silver medalist—A. E. Elliott, Belleville.

#### HOUSE SURGEONS—THIRD YEAR.

Augustus Gandier, Fort Coulonge, Que.; W. A. Macpherson, Prescott.

#### DEMONSTRATOR OF ANATOMY.

J. McKenty, Kingston.

#### FIRST YEAR.

Silver medalist—Isaac Wood, B.A., Kingston.

#### FINALS M.D., C.M.

F. B. Harkness, Kingston, gold medal.

Arthur R. Elliott, Belleville, silver medal.

John A. Belch, Kingston.

H. M. Buchanan, Kemptonville.

R. C. Chanonhouse, B.A., Eganville.

Felix Cloutier, Crysler.

W. C. David, Willetsholme.

P. Drummond, Almonte.

John Duff, Inverary.

G. F. Epany, Gananoque.

A. Freeland, Quebec.

S. H. Gardiner, B.A., Kingston.

Norman Grant, B.A., Stellarton, N.S.

H. C. W. Graham, Portsmouth.

William D. Harvie, Galt.

Adam E. Hilker, Port Elgin.

Joseph Holderoff, Tweed.

W. H. Johnstone, Kingston.

Omae L. Kilborn, B.A., Toledo.

Henry O. Lauface, Newburg.

W. C. Little, Barrie.

Alex. C. Mavety, Railton.

Isabel McConville, Kingston.

Michael E. McGrath, Sunbury.

James T. McKillop, Beachburg.

Harold S. Northmore, Cataract.

James A. Patterson, Port Elgin.

W. H. Rankin, Collingby.

Andrew Robinson, Kingston.

Kirnest Sands, Sunbury.

Elias T. Snider, Odessa.

Alexander Stewart, Renfrew.

Henry G. Tillman, Jamaica, W. I.

Stanley R. Walker, Wilton.

#### REV. DONALD ROSS, D.D.

**R**EV. DONALD ROSS, D.D., M.A., one of our most talented professors has had the distinguished degree of doctor of divinity conferred upon him by the Presbyterian college, Montreal. He addressed the graduating class after graduation.

Rev. Donald Ross, M.A., D.D., was born at Martin-town, Glengarry, of which place his father was also a native. His grandfather came from Tain, in the Ross shire, Highlands of Scotland, when four years old, to Schenectady, N.Y., where the family settled and remained until the outbreak of the war of independence, when they removed to Canada, remaining in Kingston a year,

and finally taking up their residence in the virgin settlement on the banks of the river Raisson, near Martintown. The subject of this sketch was sent to the district school when four years of age while yet he was able to speak only the Galic tongue. In his eighth year he commenced the study of Latin and mathematics, and continued to do so until his fifteenth year, when he was appointed teacher of the same school. Having taught four years he matriculated in Queen's in 1857, carrying off the only matriculation scholarship then established. During his college course he carried off the highest prizes in all his classes, graduating B.A. with honors in 1860, and M.A., also with honors, in 1862. He took his theological course in Queen's also, and was to receive the degree of B.D. in 1863. In 1864 he discharged the duties of the classical chair, and again in the session 1874-75, during the absence of the lamented Professor Mackerras in Italy. He spent a part of the years 1864 and 1865 travelling in Europe to fulfil the conditions of the fellowship in theology to which he had been appointed, but which unhappily has not been continued. In October, 1865, he was ordained to the pastorate of Chatham and Grenville on the lower Ottawa, where he remained eleven years, being translated to St. Andrew's church, LaSalle, in 1875. He was appointed by the board of trustees of Queen's to deliver a course of lectures in Apologetics during 1883-84, and in April, 1884, he was appointed professor of Apologetics and New Testament Exegesis. For twelve years he was a member of the board of trustees, and he is at present a member of the temporalities fund of the late Church of Scotland in Canada, and also a governor of the Trafalgar institute, founded by his friend, the late Donald Ross, of Viewmount, Montreal. In December last the senate of the Presbyterian college, Montreal, resolved to offer for his acceptance the degree of doctor of divinity.

#### PERSONALS.

**A**DAM SHORTT, M.A., Cosby Tator in philosophy, is at present in Ottawa presiding over the final examinations which are being held in that city in connection with Queen's.

W. J. Patterson, B.A., and William Nickle, tutor in mathematics, leave on 19th inst. for Prince Albert, N.W.T., to take charge of the schools there. No doubt Billy will be able to give them some new ideas in the exact sciences.

Among the extra-murals who have come up for examination we notice Mr. Snell, '90, looking as genial as ever.

We were glad to see Mr. T. Boyle, '91, around again and able to attend the examinations. We hope Tom will get through his exams. without any trouble.

Rannie M. Phalen will be the valedictorian of the arts graduating class, Norman Grant, B.A., of the meds., and Chas. J. Cameron, M.A., of the divinities. We must congratulate these classes on the selection of such talented representatives.

Rev. H. Parker, who for some time was professor of elocution at Queen's, has gone to Samoa to report the condition of affairs there for a Sidney (Australia) journal.

Neil Macdonald, a graduate of Queen's college, has been associated with Gen. Wilson in the preparation of Appleton's biographical cyclopaedia. Mr. Macdonald had charge of the Canadian department. He has long been attached to the staff of Frank Leslie's *Illustrated News*.

Mr. Wilkie, '91, has astonished us all again. He has undergone a complete transformation, and having got rid of his winter's growth of whiskers appears as youthful looking as ever. He and Mr. Sinclair, '89, probably patronize the same barber.

It is a matter of regret to every one in the college that we have not the benefit and guidance of the worthy President of our Alma Mater Society, Edward Ryan, B.A., who has been seriously ill for some weeks. More especially do we regret it on his own account as this is his final year in medicine. Queen's has seldom seen a more faithful student, and the mere fact that he was elected to the highest office in the gift of the students shows the universal respect and esteem in which he was held. We offer him our sincere sympathies, and hope he may soon regain his health and strength.

C. J. Cameron, M.A., has received notice of his election as a member of the Haliburton Society.

Prof. A. Nicholson has been conducting the final examinations in Toronto during the last week in connection with this university.

Dr. Annie Lawyer, of Montreal, goes to New York to take a course of polyclinics and make a round of the hospitals in connection.

Dr. Cochrane has received from the Church of Scotland colonial committee the sum of £50 for Queen's college bursary fund.

#### COLLEGE NOTES.

**A**LL is now grind! grind!! grind!!! The midnight oil, brains, ponies and examination papers are in great demand, and all energies are concentrated in the one great effort to pass those "unfearable exams."

The annual concert tour of the glee club, we regret to say, will not come off this spring. For the last two years this venture on the part of our musical fellow-students proved a great success both financially and otherwise—particularly otherwise—but the disorganized condition of the club this session makes another trip impossible.

The conversation is getting well under way. The different committees are working hard in their several departments, and everything looks promising.

These are solemn times for the boys. Many of them are looking sad, and even the bravest shudders as the fatal 22nd draws nigh.

In our last number a typographical error made Dewey's Psychology read Dency's.

Following the example of last year's graduating class, the seniors have decided to hold their class dinner after the examinations. The date fixed is April 20th, and no doubt a pleasant time will be spent, though we sympathize with the caterer.

Now is the time that the photographs of the various clubs and societies of the university begin to pour into the reading room. Surely the energetic curators, Messrs. Findlay, Drummond, T. R. Scott, Hay, Carmichael and Gandier, whose duty it is to hang up these and other neglected pictures will get to work soon and make the room look at least tidy.

We hope that some attempt will be made this summer by the university authorities to secure more presentable window curtains than those which now ornament the building. The present style may be collegiate but it isn't very attractive.

We regret that the old custom of presenting ornamental trees to the university, which used to be observed by the graduating classes, has fallen into disuse. We consider that there is still room for improvement in the grounds and no more suitable or acceptable memorial could be donated by retiring students. Let the class of '89 consider the matter.

### \*EXCHANGES.\*

A LETTER in the *Trinity University Review* would lead us to infer that the good old college songs are becoming things of the past there as they are here—almost.

Editorials in Nos. 15 and 16 of the *'Varsity*, referring to Principal Grant's complaints, exonerate Toronto University, and throw the blame for the lowering of the matriculation standard on the education department of Ontario.

Among the papers that favor our sanctum with their presence is the *Scientific American*. It is without doubt the leading scientific weekly of America and is too well-known to need praise from us. No one desiring to keep abreast of modern ingenuity can afford to be without this paper, in which all the latest inventions and discoveries are recorded in a readable and interesting manner.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* is a good specimen of what college writers are capable of producing in a purely literary line. Among its contents we find many articles of a high order in all tones. The literary gossip is always refreshing, and, in the number for March, the articles on "The Philosophy of Latter-day Poets," and the rather morbid sketch, "A Fatal Realism," are especially worthy of notice, as also the short articles on "The Critic and his Two-fold Task" and "College Opinion."

### \*DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.\*

#### EXIT '89.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early,  
chummie dear,  
For to-morrow 'll be the final day of my short sojourn  
here,  
Of all the college year, chummie, the most hilarious  
day,  
For I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become a  
B.A.

I've studied hard four years, chummie, I've lived in  
Plato's state,  
I've dug Greek roots and Latin and I've swallowed  
physics straight,  
And the goal I aimed for all the time, it seemed so far  
away,  
But I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become a  
B.A.\*

My gown is now in shreds, chummie, my cap is cracked  
and worn,  
My books have lost their covers and their leaves are sad-  
ly torn,  
But what care I for these, chummie, of what use now are  
they,  
Since I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become  
a B.A.

When I first came to Queen's chummie, in the fall of '85,  
I was in my opinion then, the wisest man alive,  
But I knew far more then, chummie, than what I do to-  
day,  
So I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become a  
B.A.

My knowledge is not great, chummie, but still I've learn-  
ed to see  
That very many things exist which are unknown to me,  
And so perhaps the profs., chummie, are not so far  
astray  
In granting me a degree, chummie, and making me a  
B.A.

And yet in all my joy, chummie, I must confess to you,  
To think of leaving Queen's for good—it makes me feel  
dark blue;  
It makes me wish sometimes, chummie, that I could long-  
er stay,  
But I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become a  
B.A.

There are several dozen girls, chummie, I would like you  
to console,  
And tell each dear one for me that she treacherously stole  
My poor confiding heart, chummie, and then look glad  
and say,  
"But he has got something instead, darling, he has re-  
ceived his B.A."

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, chum-mie dear,  
 For to-morrow will be the jolliest day in all the college  
 year;  
 I long to feel the Chancellor gently tap on my head and  
 say,  
 "The senate hath decreed it; get up off your knees,  
 B.A."

And is this human flesh and blood  
 That now before me stands,  
 With hair unkempt and clothes all torn  
 And ink upon his hands?  
 Is there a face behind that dust?  
 What is it? Tell me pray.  
 For I think 'tis some effigy  
 Dressed up and staffed with hay,  
 Or perhaps it is some wandering tramp  
 Just from his hayloft bed,  
 Or — No, I'm floored. What is it please?

"Why, my dear sir, it is only one of the JOURNAL editors who has just been down in our well ventilated, bright, luxurious, clean and altogether lovely sanctum, trying to write an article on "The refining influence of a university education," full of energy, humor and philosophic wisdom, and he has just come out to see what color the ink is, black, blue, green or red."

"He called me a profane vulgus, be gobs!" said a Hibernian the other day, apologetically, "So I knocked him down forinist a mind piddle d'ye moind, an' beddal it seemed to me as how he was a profane vulgus hisself, by what he was a savin' wen he got up."

A noted lecturer not long ago, speaking of the ease with which some languages are mastered said, "Why, I know a way to learn the whole German language in twenty-four hours." "How?" exclaimed an excited listener. "Take the whole German language," said the lecturer impressively, "and divide it into twenty-four parts—and learn one part every hour." What's the matter with that?

"Science may be a great invention," said Jones, as he limped out of a dark room the other evening with a black eye and holding on to both shins like grim death, "but I'd like it to rise and explain why, when the light is put out, every blessed chair, table and swinging door in the room deliberately gets up and stands right in front of a fellow when he's trying to walk across the room."

SCENE: Philosophy class room.

Jimmy—"Is the soul latent after it departs from the body, professor?"

Prof.—"What's that, Mr. C.?"

Jimmy—"Is the soul latent after death?"

Prof.—"Well, I shall have to refer you to the New Testament, sir."

#### RULES FOR A PROPER OBSERVANCE OF CONVOCATION.

1. After the doors are opened the students shall immediately invade the gallery after the style of cultured Zulus and yelling in an orderly manner; the freshmen shall occupy the front seats, the sophomores and canes the next, while the juniors, divinities and graduates shall stand on the back seats or remain outside.

2. Before the proceedings open, and as often as possible thereafter, the students shall spend the time playing musical selections on tin horns, shouting and singing new songs such as "There is a girl named Dinah," "Saw my leg off," and "Old Ontario's strand," for the entertainment and edification of the audience.

3. While the professors and other gentlemen of convocation are filing in headed by the chancellor, the students shall sing "See the mighty host advancing, etc., or if this has ever been sung before, the Dead March in Saul shall be whistled instead.

4. The aforesaid gentlemen having taken their seats the crier of the court will recite in a loud voice the harangue usually delivered at the opening of the concours. This, it will be noticed, will have a marked effect upon the audience, which shall regard it as a sign of great originality on the part of the afore mentioned official.

5. Upon the Registrar first rising to his feet the freshmen shall say in solemn tones "Next Lord's day." There is something refreshingly novel and striking in this remark and it will cause general admiration.

6. When the decree of the senate is read, that part of it which says, "And hereby do confer," shall be repeated in chorus by all the students in an impressive manner, and with emphasis on the "do."

7. As the laureating process is going on the students shall display their wit and originality in such sayings as the following: "Quite a con-clus-ion!" "What feet!" "On his knees at last!" "Well lassoed, professor!" together with divers remarks concerning any visible moustaches and sideboards possessed by the members of the graduating class. This will be an agreeable departure from the remarks usually indulged in at previous convocations and will be devoid of any chestnut taint.

8. If there be any lady graduate she shall, upon her arrival on the platform, be greeted with a chorus of sneaks and other audible evidences of good will and brotherly affection.

9. When the proceedings terminate the students shall line up in the hall and select from the out-coming audience their various young lady friends whom they shall escort home. If any dispute arises as to precedence the janitor shall act as arbitrator.

We beg to remind those of our subscribers who have not yet sent us their subscription that the session is drawing to a close, and as it is very desirable for us to wind up the affairs of the "Journal" before the holidays it is to be hoped that all unpaid subscriptions will be forthcoming immediately.

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